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THE Pope's Advice TO HIS SONS.

A Conference IN THE Castle St. Angelo,

Between the Pope, the Emperour, and the King of *Spain.*

Printed from an Ancient Manuscript.

LONDON,
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LONDON,

The Conſult.

Pope, Emperour, King of Spain.

Pope.

WElcom, dear Sons, unto our Court of *Rome*,
Bleſſing Apoſtolick and Holy Doom
Shield all the Houſe of *Auſtria* from miſ-chance,
And both their Fortunes and their Crowns advance.

Emperour.

Thy Foot, moſt Holy Father, do I kiſs,
Of Churches Benediction do I miſs;
Th'Emperial Crown from *Auſtria* will be gone,
Which Heav'ns forbid; for then we're all undone.
Bohemia's Rebels with *Hungaria* joyn;
The Hereticks from *Danube* to the *Rhine*,
Their Heads, their Arms, their Forces they combine,
'Gainſt *Rome* and *Auſtria*. Oh, the * *Palatine!*
That curſed *Calviniſt*, with his Partakers,
Thoſe damned Schiſmaticks, the Church-forſakers,
Upon our Ruins to build their Fortunes ſeek,
Which makes me thus before thy Holineſs ſpeak.

* Frederick *Prince Elector Palatine of the* Rhine, *Father to Prince* Rupert, *whoſe elder Brother is now Prince Elector Palatine.*

Pope.

The Keys of *Peter*, and the Sword of *Paul*,
Shall shut and open, cut in pieces, all
The Gates of Heav'n, Nations, Laws, and Rights,
And turn clear Days into the darkest Nights,
E're one of *Calvin*'s or of *Luther*'s Sect
With *Roman* Bays or Eagles shall be deckt.

Emperour.

The Threats and Curses of the Catholicks
Are now despis'd by those vile Hereticks:
Help us by your Counsel therefore, Holy Sir,
And shew us means to quiet all this stir.

Pope.

Thou mayst by Reasons and Embassages,
By Questions, Answers, and like passages,
Win time awhile: But these are out of date;
Now Swords, not Words, do Kingdoms arbitrate.
To Neighbour Friends and Subjects quickly send,
That from Surprise thou mayst thy self defend.
My *Nuntio's* and my *Legats* I'll dispatch,
More Forces 'mongst the Catholicks to hatch:
Mentz, *Cullen*, *Triers*, Catholick *Bavier*,
Hast thou in *Germany*, with others there;
Thy Uncle *Albert*, and the *Polish* King,
Unto thee quickly may their Forces bring;
And though my self, with *Florence*, may not send
Our Arms so soon, yet Money will we lend.
The *Cantons* of the *Switzers* shall be waged,
Which to our See do hold themselves engaged:
So is the *Saxon* Duke with his Estate,
To thee in *Dresden*, and th'*Electorate*,

Whose

Whose elder Cousin's Hopes will make him fear,
And to thy Fortune and thy House adhere.
I'll also send to *Savoy* and to *Venice*,
To *France* our eldest Son, and to *St. Denis*:
I'll fetch the Saints from Heav'n, the Fiends from Hell,
But I'll these drunken *German* Rebels quell.
Besides, thy *Spanish* Cousin present here,
Whom *Europe* and the new-found World do fear,
The Church's *Atlas*, and the Empire's Prop.
By Strength, by Wit, by Friends, or Gold, we'll stop
These proud Attempts and Darings of the *Dutch*,
And break their Forces, cost it ne'r so much.

The King of France *is styled by the Pope his eldest Son, and most Christian, and the King of* Spain *his most Catholick Son.*

King of Spain.

If *Cæsar* and your Holiness have done,
Observe the Answer of your *Spanish* Son.
Not *German* Prelats nor *Bavarians* can,
Nor King of *Pole*, your self, or any Man,
Nor *Tuscan*'s Duke, nor *Albert* my poor Brother,
The *Canton* Catholicks, nor any other,
Bring timely Succours 'gainst the Conjurations
These *Almain-Graves* have made throughout all Nations.
Expect not help from *Savoy* or *Venetia*,
Who fear and deadly hate the House of *Austria*:
I look for nothing from the King of *France*,
For he'd gladly by our Fall his Throne advance.
And why should you from *Saxon* hope for more,
Than *Charles* my Grandsire reap'd from him before?
Who gave him all, and more than you do mention,
Yet shortly after in the great Contention
'Twixt him and *German* Rebels he forsook
His Benefactor, and part against him took.
And, *Cæsar*, if at home thou look'st for Aid,
Thy Kingdoms both are lost, thy Strength decay'd,
Thine *Austrian* Subjects also are infected
With *Luther*'s Heresie, and have rejected
The Papal Dignity, and may do thine,
And with their Fellow *Lutherans* combine.

Spain

Spain, then must help, or what will *Cæsar* do?
And how shall *Spain* help *Rome* and *Cæsar* too?
Shall *Indian* Armies be recall'd from thence?
Italian Forces march away from hence?
Leave *Milan*, *Naples*, and our Silver Fountains,
Unguarded, naked, to march o're Mountains?
Through *Grison*'s Country lead the strength of *Spain*?
Or venture our *Armada* once again
To Narrow Seas, and so at once lose more
Than we have got in six score years before?
So thou at *Habsburg*, I in *Arragon*,
May shave our Crowns, turn Monks, and live alone.
You count your Friends, but count not all your Foes,
Whose Strength, whose Number, you cannot oppose.
The Northern Tract of *Europe* from *Britannia*
Tending to East as far as *Transylvania*
(Save *Poland* and some trifles) is their own:
Oh me! in fourscore years how are they grown?
Three Kingdoms, *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, be,
With *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, six you see;
Besides those two which they have won from thee,
Being eight in all, and our Kings are but three.
The Number of their Princes, Dukes, and Counts,
With their Free Lords and States, ours far surmounts.
And as their Number, so their Spirits are
Made great with hopes of the prodigious Star,
Which o're *Almain* blaz'd *December* last,
The dire Portents of which they on us cast.
Alas for *Rome*! alas for *Ferdinand*!
Alas for *Philip*! Must he needs withstand
His own, the Empire, and the Church's Foes,
And so himself, the Church, and Empire lose?
Have all my Ancestors to five descents,
By Conquest, Wedlock, and like Ligaments,
Ty'd Earldoms, Dukedoms, Crowns, and Empire fast,
And is the Period of our Greatness past?
And our Declining now begins to haste,
Who hop'd for Western Monarchy at last.
Ah * *Nassau*! *Nassau*! hateful Son and Father,
Curs'd be your Name and House; you, you did gather

In 1588. *the* Spaniards *invaded* England *with an Armada of* 134 *Ships, of which only* 53 *returned home again.*

Protestants not inferiour (if united) in strength to the Papists.

This Comet appeared as far above the Moon, as the Moon is above the Earth, as was observed by the Learned Dr. Bembridge.

* William *of* Nassau *Prince of* Orange, *Ancestor to the present Prince.*

The

The Fearful Rebels into warlike Bands,
Which now do State it in the *Netherlands*:
There, there you writ *Ne Ultra* once again,
And set up Eastern Pillars, Bars to *Spain*.

Emperour.

Thus are our Dangers, thus our Fears related,
Thus be our Minds perplex'd, our Hearts amated.
If *Rome* have any secret wisdom hid
Laid up for evil times, or ever did
Make wicked Heretiks feel Church's Rowle,
Then Father now's the time, and this the hour:
Remember how two *Fredericks* heretofore
Frighted thy Predecessors: this may more.
Hazard thy Fortunes, utterly oppress
The *Roman* Church, thy Self, and Us, unless
By some prime Stratagem fetch'd from the Deep,
Thou dost thy Self and Friends from danger keep.

Pope.

And are our Friends so few and so untrusty,
And be our Foes so many and so lusty?
One *Innocent* in *Rome* in former Ages
Hath us'd three Kings for Lacqueys and for Pages:
And dare they now against our liking make
Both Kings and *Cæsars*? Then ye Furies wake!
Help me to store of Pistols, Poisons, Knives,
To Fire and Powder, Miracles and Gives:
Bid * *Ravilac* and *Clement* hie them hither,
Let *Lopez*, *Faux*, and *Garnet* come together;
Come ye *Ignatians*, bring Assassinates,
Left-handed *Elials*, that do rule the Fates,
And cut the Threds of Princes lives asunder,
These *Roman Scevola's* shall make sport no wonder,
To see the upstart King, with his Partakers,
In every Nation slaughter'd by Massacres.

I'll

* Raviliac *murder'd* Henry III. *and* Clement Henry IV. *of* France. Lopez *was executed for attempting to poison Qu.* Elizabeth. *And* Faux *and* Garnet (*the Provincial of the Jesuits*) *were the chief Actors in the Powder Plot.* Ignatians, *Jesuits so called from* Ignatius Loyola *their first Founder.*

Parsons *wrote a Book against King* James's *Succession to the Crown of* England *in behalf of the Infanta of* Spain.

I'll raise up *Parsons*, *Suarez*, *Bellarmine*,
Loyola's self, their Father, and refine
All Humane Wit to one pure Quintescrince,
Against whose Virtue shall be no defence:
Therefore, Fair Sons, at nothing be dismay'd,
Remember what your Father now hath said:
You to *Vienna*, you to *Sivil* go,
Help as you may to give the Fatal Blow.

King of Spain.

Come, *Lerma*, look not sadly on thy Friend,
But let's with *Spanish* Patience wait the end.

Pope and Cardinal.

Cardinal.

Father, what news with *Cæsar*, what with *Spain?*
Why are they both so soon gone home again?
What strange Disaster makes thee look so sad,
Whose Fair Aspect was wont to make men glad?

Pope.

Thou art my Son, my Friend, my Cabinet
Of Secrets lock'd from others: Thou I'll let
Know all my hidden Thoughts, my Doubts, my Fears,
And how these *Austrians* left me drown'd in tears:
Yet in their presence I my Sorrow hid,
Seem'd fearless, careless, confident, and bid
Them second *Roman* Wisdom with their Strength,
And they should see these *Dutchmen* bleed at length.
But now a thousand thoughts upon me seize
Concerning Friends and Foes, which much displease:
Wherefore say some thing prethee to relieve me,
For thou wer't wont to help when ought did grieve me.

Car-

Cardinal.

'Tis not for King nor *Cæſar* thou art ſick;
Thou dread'ſt the Name of Emp'rour; *Spain's* a Prick
In both thy ſides, whoſe Neighbourhood and Growth
Rome ever hated: Why then art thou loth
The *Dutch* ſhould pare their Nails unto the quick,
E'r they be longer grown, and then do kick
At thy Authority, like *Charles* their Father,
Who like the Heathen *Goths* ſack'd *Rome?* Nay rather,
If *France* again claim *Naples*, ſeize on *Milain*,
Or on *Navar*. Let me be held a Villain,
If I ſee cauſe of ſhedding but a Tear
For weak'ning him, whoſe Strength ſo much we fear.
But thus the Faction of more feared Foes
(Thou'lt ſay) is ſtronger, and more dreadful grows;
And *Bohemians* and *Hungarians* Loſſes
Make open way to further nearer Croſſes;
Firſt to the Iron, then to the Triple Crown,
And ſo we hazard all if Fortune frown.
As though *Bohemian's* King were like the Day-ſtar,
Forerunning *Phœbus*, and muſt needs be *Cæſar:*
Or that from *Prague* or *Hidelburg* he will
Adventure o're the *Alps* to us, and fill
The World with Tumult: *Italy* will fear
To ſee his Lance-Knights or his Reyſters here.
Theſe are *Chimera's*, Bugbears, Fancies, Toys,
Fit to fright *Abſaloms* or ſome little Boys;
Not wiſe *Italians*, Cardinals, or Popes,
Who know that Towns are not pull'd down with Ropes.
Think you the *Palſgrave*, or this * *Bethlem Gabor*,
Will not account their Wages worth their Labour,
If he *Bohemia*, this *Hungaria* keep,
And in their new Poſſeſſions ſafely ſleep?
Is't like they will adventure all their Winnings,
T'aſpire the Empire on ſo ſmall beginnings?
Or if they ſhould, when *Ferdinand* is dead,
Set the Imperial Crown on *Frederick's* Head,
Another *Adolph* he were like to be,
When Error in their Choice th' Electors ſee:

* *Prince of* Dacia *claiming the* Hungarian *Crown, and commanding a puiſſant Army againſt the Emperour.*

For who ſhall guard their Frontiers 'gainſt the *Turks*
But *Auſtria*, whoſe they are? What danger lurks
Under the Greatneſs of this *Tranſylvanian*,
Who to the *Turk's* a Friend and a Companion?
The Hereticke themſelves would ſee their Error,
When once the Heat were paſt, and that new terror
From *Turks* and *Cockatrisks* had bem'd them round,
And then to our advantage they'd compound,
But ſay the *Turks* be ſtill, and we endure
To ſee the *Palſgrave* triumph, ſeated ſure
In *Caſar's* Chair, can any one ſuppoſe
That he's not yet contented with our Woes?
Or that he'll elevate his thoughts ſo high,
To think on *Rome*, or look towards *Italy*?
Why, 'twere a harder taſke to undertake,
Than *Caius Julius Caſar's* ſelf did make,
When o're the other *Alps* from *France* he came
'Gainſt *Rome* and *Pompey*, to his laſting Fame.
Yet let's admit this Youth dares more than he,
Or like *Macedon's Alexander* be,
Muſt his Succeſs be like? why nothing leſs;
For one may dare that's dying, you'll confeſs:
The *Romans* then were moſt of *Caſar's* Faction,
He had their Heads for Counſel, Hands for Action:
But *Frederick* now hath neither Head nor Hand
'Twixt *Trent* and *Rhegium* on his part to ſtand.
And if the modern Action of the *Gauls*
(Th'old being fearleſs) now thy Heart appales;
To think how *Charles* of *Valois* came like Thunder,
Brought *Millan*, *Naples*, *Genoua*, *Florence* under
Within few months: Or how another *Charles*
Of *Bourbon* did beſiege, and (after Parles)
Aſſaulted, won, and ſack'd this famous City,
Whoſe Souldiers to the Clergy ſhew'd no pity.
Alas thou know'ſt *Valeſius* was invited
By *Lod'wick's* Force, when he was diſunited
From *Naples*, for uſurping *Millan's* Crown,
And ſo the State of *Italy* went down.
And as for *Bourbon*, 'twas a Civil War
He manag'd here at home, came not from far;

Who to relieve his own and Souldier's need,
To unprovided *Rome* he runs with speed.
Our Land is now united, rich, and ſtrong,
Who can, who dares to do us any wrong?
And if *Porſenna* could revive once more,
We'd have a *Mutius Scævola* in ſtore.
Thus is the Falſhood of thy Fears detected,
And I have anſwer'd all can be objected,
Not from the Promiſes to *Peter's* Chair,
(Which we in ſecret count not worth an hair)
But from ſound Reaſons whereon we may reſt,
And at the Folly of our Foes may jeſt:
Wherefore put on the Spirit of * *Hildebrand*,
And neither King nor Prince can thee withſtand.

Porſenna *a King of* Hetruria, *who beſieged* Rome *on* Tarquin's *account.* Mutius Scævola, *a Nobleman of* Rome, *went into* Porſenna's *Camp in the habit of a Beggar, with an intent to kill him.*

* *This* Hildebrand *made the Emperour* Henry IV. *wait before his Palace bare-footed without any food, from morning till night, before he would admit him into his Preſence.*

Pope.

Ah my dear Heart, thy words are paſſing ſweet,
And do with all my Fears and Sorrows meet.
But things themſelves another way preſent
Unto my Fancy; nothing will content.
Chiefly i'th' Night, when others are at reſt,
Why then my Cares abound, my Heart's oppreſt;
A little ſleep alas mine Eyes do take,
Yet when they do, I'm worſe than when I wake;
For then I dream of Emperours, Princes, Kings,
Of Sword, of Fire, and ſuch like fearful things:
A *Frederick*, *Henry*, or a *Charles* doth ſtand
Ready to ſtrike me with a Sword in's Hand.
Sometimes methinks I ſee the Northern Nations
Come down the Mountains like to Inundations,
As did the *Goths* and *Vandals* in their times,
Who marr'd our Language with their buzzing Rimes.
Sometimes this *Frederick* ſhews a Printed Book
To all his Lords and Princes, bids them look
How therein *Britain James* his Learned Father
Choice Arguments and Strains of Wit doth gather
To prove me *Antichriſt*, and to incite
European Princes 'gainſt me for to fight.
The *Belgicks* talk much of the Inquiſition;
The *French* methinks I hear make repetition

Of

The Papists made use of the Marriage of the King of Navar *a Protestant, and the Lady* Margaret *the* French *King's Sister, to draw the Protestant Nobility together, under the pretence of settling by this Match a lasting Friendship, and then most barbarously and treacherously murder'd them on S.* Bartholomew's *Eve,* 1573.

* *This* Gerard *murder'd the Prince of* Orange *at* Delph, 1584.

Of the Massacre: Both do whet their Swords,
And speak 'gainst *Rome* and me most cruel words.
I see methinks the *English* reading still
Of *Fox* and *Brightman*, which their Minds do fill
With much desire and certain expectation
Of my Destruction and *Rome*'s Desolation.
And then methinks from *Venice* comes a Post,
And he brings News that all will there be lost.
Another comes and says that *Ferdinand*
Cries out for help, and can no longer stand,
Unless expected Aid come in with speed,
And with delays no longer him they feed.
And then methinks the Agents thither sent
Excuse their Masters by Impediment:
Spain says, the ways by Sea and Land are block'd;
The Youngling *France* is by his Subjects mock'd.
Albertus dares not stir from home, he says;
The *Pole* methinks answers with Yeas and Nays.
The *German* Catholicks begin to wrangle,
And say, these Wars in mischief them entangle.
And when at last with much ado I find
Some high resolved Spirit of * *Gerard*'s mind;
Yet then his Knife's not sharp, or Powder dry,
Or else he strook too low, or shot too high.
Or else like *Scævola* mistook the Man,
And so our Labour's lost do what we can.
I cast *Romes* Fortune, and mine own oh thee;
Save *Rome* then, if thou canst, and pity me.

Cardinal.

If Dreams for them, and Reasons make for us,
These Controversies quickly we'll discuss.

FINIS.

THere is new'ly Printed a Vade Mecum, or Necessary Companion; containing, 1. Sir *Samuel Morland's* Perpetual Almanack, in Copper-Plates, with many useful Tables proper thereto. 2. The Computation of Years, comparing the Years of each King's Reign from the Conquest with the Years of *Christ*. 3. Reduction of Weights and Measures. 4. The ready Casting up any number of Farthings, Half-pence, Pence, Shillings, Nobles and Marks; with Sir *Samuel Morland's* New Table for Guinneys. 5. The Interest and Rebate of Money, the Forbearance, Discompt and Purchase of Annuities, at 6 per Cent. The Rates of Post-Letters, both inland and Outland, with the Time for sending or receiving them; also the Post-Stages. 7. The Rates or Fares of Coach-men, Car-men, and Water-men. And is sold by *R. Northcot*, Bookseller, either next St. Peter's Alley in Cornhill, or at the Anchor and Mariner on Fish Street-Hill; and by *Charles Blount*, Bookseller, at the Black-Raven in the Strand, near the Savoy 1679. Price bound 1 s. 6 d.

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